UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Our Main Streets

By SUSAN QUACKENBUSH

Problems for Pacifists

By S. DANIEL HOUSE

Book Reviews

By JAMES WALDO FAWCETT
and JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXVII THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1921 NUMBER 3

THE VOICE.

Atoms as old as stars,
Mutation on mutation,
Millions and millions of cells,
Dividing yet still the same,
From air and changing earth,
From ancient Eastern rivers,
From turquoise tropic seas,
Unto myself I came.

My spirit like my flesh
Sprang from a thousand sources,
From cave-man, hunter and shepherd,
From Karnak, Cyprus, Rome;
The living thoughts in me
Spring from dead men and women,
Forgotten time out of mind
And many as bubbles of foam.

Here for a moment's space
Into the light out of darkness,
I come and they come with me
Finding words with my breath;
From the wisdom of many life-times
I hear them cry: "Forever
Seek for Beauty, she only
Fights with man against Death!"

Flame and Shadow. —*Sara Teasdale.*

Alas, the poor editor! Here is a letter received on December 16th last, written by a good friend in Kansas, in which it is stated that:

> UNITY is giving too prominent a place to things Unitarian. . . . Let us have a real Community Church paper, against which nobody can raise the objection that *it is more favorable to the Unitarian denomination than any other.* . . .

Here, again, under date of February 15th last, is another letter, written by a Unitarian clergyman, which says:

> I have read UNITY with interest, . . . but deploring and detesting the tone in which Mr. Holmes . . . attacks any one, *especially his former Unitarian associates, against whom he has a grudge.* . . .

Now what do you think about that!! Here is one perfectly good man protesting because I am too "favorable" to the Unitarians; and another perfectly good man protesting because I "attack" them in spiteful expression of "a grudge" that I have against them! What is the poor editor going to do in such a predicament? What except do what he has done from the beginning, namely, confess that he *is* partial to the Unitarians because he was born among them, has worked with them, knows their worth, and loves them as members of his own family; and yet at the same time, in furtherance of principles which are more dear to him than life itself, criticizes the Unitarians frankly and freely whenever he thinks (however mistakenly, perhaps) that they are going wrong, or falling below their own high standards? Are we utterly and outrageously self-complacent if we testify that these two protests taken together, convince us that we have been faithful to our solemn editorial duty of speaking the truth in love?

We confess to a great liking for President Harding. He is simple, modest, sincere, genial, kindly, devoted to America and earnest to serve her to the best of his understanding and ability. These are estimable qualities—and they win the heart! It is because we like Mr. Harding so much personally, that we wish we were able to like him in the same way officially. How eager we were, for example, to like his inaugural address! But try as we would, we could not do so. In this speech there were high recognition of duty, true reverence for the Republic, sincere desire for peace and goodwill upon the earth. But are we wrong in stating that the address was devoid of ideas, and showed little comprehension of the situation in the world today. Frankly, for all our desire to see "that it was good," the inaugural seemed to us to be as muddle-headed as it was amiable, as anachronistic as it was well-intentioned. To hark back to "the divine inspiration of the founding fathers" is pious, but gets us nowhere. To talk about "the resumption of our onward normal way," means something, we suppose—but what? This is not leadership today, and we cannot see that it promises statesmanship tomorrow! Nevertheless, we like Harding—the air seems freer and brighter since he entered the White House. We have no more eager hope than that he may confound every doubt that we cherish of his administration.

President Harding's first official act, we are told, was to order the gates of the White House grounds thrown open to the public. This was splendid! But how much more splendid it would have been if his first official act had been to order the gates of the prisons throughout America thrown open to the political offenders whom they have confined so long! Kings declare general amnesty when they ascend their thrones. Why not presidents when they enter office as the representative of all the people? We cannot imagine anything which would have constituted a more noble gesture of magnanimity and goodwill than such an act as this. We cannot conceive anybody so mean or cruel as to object to such a deed of mercy on such a day of honor. It would have done President Harding infinite credit; all men would have

praised, and none condemned, him. We marvel that men in high public office so often miss the opportunity to do the dramatic, original and impressive thing. What a pity that now, by much labor and agitation, the President must be persuaded into doing what he might so easily and grandly have done in one simple act of generosity!

"The broad instinct of the American people seems to have been sound in its distrust of the proposed settlement" (the Treaty and League Covenant). This is the judgment of Mr. Wells in his "Outline of History," and we believe that this is destined to be the judgment of all competent and impartial historians in the future. We know of no more remarkable vindication of democracy than the rejection by the great body of our American citizenship of what Mr. Wilson brought home with him from Paris. Nearly all the influential newspapers of the country were in favor of the ratification of the Treaty and the acceptance of the League. The majority of the so-called leaders of public opinion worked early and late to bring the nation to the support of the President's work. Churches, colleges, peace societies, all lined up on this same side. Money expended must have mounted to the millions of dollars. But the people would not be convinced. "Instinct" is just the word to describe the impulse which guided them to their decision. In spite of all the argument from the most enlightened sources, something told the people that the Treaty was a crime and the League a trap—and they resolved to have nothing to do with either. In this they were right, as is abundantly proved by everything that has happened since the Peace Conference adjourned. The people, after all, can be trusted. They make mistakes, especially when denied accurate information. They can be stampeded into unwise action, when passions such as those of war are let loose upon them. But in the long run, if they but have time to watch the logic of events, they know what to do. Lincoln's profound word about "fooling the people," still remains the perfect demonstration of the democratic principle.

We had thought that the cost of the World War was incalculable, and would never therefore be known. We knew, of course, that about 10,000,000 young men had been slain, and another 30 or 40 million wounded or incapacitated; but we had assumed that the dollars expended could not be counted. Here comes Prof. Richard P. Strong, of the Harvard Medical School, however, with an estimate! He declares that the "direct costs" of the war amounted to $186,000,000,000; the "indirect costs" to $84,000,000,000; and the cost of lives lost to $78,000,000,000. This gives a total expenditure, for four years of fighting, of $348,000,000,000; an annual average of $87,000,000,000, a monthly average of $7,250,000,000, a daily average of $241,700,000, and an hourly average of $10,070,000. It is tolerably evident, from such figures as these, that modern warfare is a pretty expensive luxury. It would be enormously costly, even though it brought us a durable peace, a world made safe for democracy, and other commodities for which men laid down their money with their lives. But what shall we say about these figures, when we recall that they purchased for us nothing but a little empty glory, and revenge? Whatever else it was, this at least must be conceded about the Great War—that, as measured in terms of dollars and cents, it was a gigantic swindle.

William Adams Brown's "Address to the Clergy" in the February 5th issue of the *Churchman,* goes to the heart of the difficulties involved in the problem of moral leadership on the part of the church. "There are two reasons," he points out, "which explain the present failure of the church to exercise moral leadership in public affairs." One he specifies as the lack of a "common voice through which to speak"; the other and more important as the lack of a "common mind through which to think." The reason for these ills, of course, is the fact that "what we see in the United States is not one church but many." Correspondingly, must we find the cure in the reunion of the churches. "These separate units," says Dr. Brown, "must come together, recover their lost consciousness of common membership in the one church of Jesus Christ." Here is again, from a fresh and most impressive standpoint, an appeal for the ending of those sectarian divisions which have for so long been the scandal of Christendom. As a step to this end, Dr. Brown welcomes such an instrument for common thought and speech as the Committee on the War and Religious Outlook. So do we, as an interim device for common action! But we yearn also for something more decisive and complete. Why not end our sects forthwith, by combining all existing churches on that basis of community idealism which is the prime concern of all?

Rev. Max Wiant, minister of the First Baptist Church of Reading, Pa., preached recently a series of sermons on the following subjects:

"The Starlight of Catholicism."
"The Sunrise of Protestantism."
"The Moonshine of Eddyism."
"The Midnight of Liberalism."

It is evident enough that we are far sundered from Dr. Wiant in the matter of theological opinion; but we knew, the moment that we read these sermon topics, that we should like the reverend gentleman immensely in a personal way. He is plainly a man who has convictions. He has command of a pic-

turesque and emphatic vocabulary. He is possessed of a delightful sense of humor. He is not afraid of making enemies in a good cause. All these are engaging qualities. We wish, however, that the preacher had gone on in his series of sermons. "The evening and the morning were the first day," it is true. But what about that "second day"? We are tremendously curious to know what comes after the black "midnight of Liberalism." Is it another "starlight" of a kind of Neo-Catholicism; or is it that "last day," the millennium, toward which all good Christians have been looking for so many generations? Dr. Wiant should inform us, for we would not be left in darkness. "Watchman, what of the night?"

It is comforting to know that Homer nodded! This means that there are some qualities of the great which we also share, for we nod ourselves upon occasion. For example, in our issue for March 3rd, we spoke of the "lowly birth in 1821" of John Keats! This was perhaps a not unpardonable error, as poor Keats's life was so short that there appeared no instant incongruity in the thought that he had been born only a century ago. But it was an error all the same—promptly discovered, by some strange magic of the type, the very moment it appeared in print. Keats of course was born in 1795 (October 29th). The present centennial anniversary is of his death, which occurred at Rome on February 23, 1821.

Our Main Streets

Public attention at the present moment appears to be focussed upon the sins and shortcomings of the small town, particularly the Middle Western small town, thanks to the procession of "Winesburgs," "Main Streets" and "Lulu Betts" which are now moving across the horizon, reminding us of the earlier processions of "Cranfords," "Old Chesters," and the many tales of New England villages. It would be interesting to know just what will be the net result of these literary searchlights and photographs of things rural. Will the small town recognize itself and turn from the error of its narrow ways? Will the Main Street sections of our big cities see themselves as others see them? Or will the city dweller merely grow more satisfied with his broader horizon and the villagers see in "Main Street" only the follies and vagaries of the Doctor's wife looming large against their own staid and proper ways of living?

We fear that an entirely affirmative answer to the first two questions or a negative answer to the last two is more than can be hoped for. Bernard Shaw once called America a "nation of villagers," but we do not recall any definite results of this sweeping indictment other than in some quarters a smug satisfaction that he was right, and in others the usual indignation at criticism by an "outsider."

Being entirely incapable of producing fiction ourselves, it is a simple matter to tell successful novelists what they should have done. We wish Mr. Lewis, for example, had made his contrasting figure a bit bigger and more real, more interested, perhaps, in awakening Gopher Prairie to higher ways of thinking and living and worshipping than in providing gayer parties and a more Epicurean diet. Doubtless these things would also be good for the villagers and it is true that *Carol* was also somewhat concerned about rebuilding the village more artistically and inducing the women's clubs to undertake more fundamental studies. But she is too frivolous and unstable a type; it is too easy for the village to ignore her and ridicule her and be thereby more confirmed in its own sense of superiority. True, they would have been just as hard on a bigger *Carol,* but it would have been easier for the average reader who has at least partially escaped from the Gopher Prairie atmosphere to put part of the blame on the village rather than all of it on *Carol.*

Moreover, there is, we believe, in every village at least one real person, either a native or a "new-comer," whose ears are attuned to world notes, who has heard the message of the future rather than of the past, who sees the need of a new and better social order, a freer, more universal religion, a truer brotherhood of man. They are, or might be, in their own smaller way, amid their lesser environment, something of what a Luther or a Lincoln is to the world. Indeed in some instances they may be well recognized out in the world and acclaimed as prophets and leaders. But the inhabitants of their own villages are as blind to their virtues and ideals and possibilities of leadership as to the real values of a *Carol Kennicott.* We still remember the shock with which we heard of the remark of one villager: "Why Eugene Debs ain't nothin'! I used to see him every day down around Smith's grocery." That is the characteristic attitude of the village toward the great souls who happen to be born within its confines, and also toward the smaller souls who chance to be "different," whose talents happen to lie in the way of art or music or poetry or what is termed "uplift" or "reform," instead of in the usual, and therefore inevitable, lines of money-making through the regular channels of business, law or medicine, or in the one essentially "womanly" pursuit of house-keeping. The world will never know how many of its potential Miltons have been kept "mute" and "inglorious" by the village sneer, the rural sarcasm, the provincial failure to comprehend any way of being or of expression other than its own. We venture to guess that more have been smothered by it than have escaped from it,—to the world's inestimable loss.

It is not so much that the community spirit is lack-

ing, that the village is a group of little cliques and factions, though this is true, and true also of portions of our cities. But it is the world-spirit which is lacking; the dominance of the "Lord bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four, and no more" attitude, extended to and ending with the village limits. We know one village,—and this is not in the Middle West,—whose astounding slogan is "Greenville against the world!" Of course this village experienced no difficulty in seeing the enormity of that doctrine when it came to believe that Germany was attempting to practice it!

What is the remedy for this provincialism, this nationalism reduced to village terms? Is there a remedy? Will it be only a matter of time? Will they some day adopt new ideas as readily as they have adopted the telephone, the automobile and the movie,—even the Sunday movie? One is sometimes inclined to feel that if ever they do adopt a new idea, that idea will have long since been discarded by the rest of the world which will have gone on still farther.

To pick out any one or two factors among the many which keep the little town secure in its own sense of righteousness is difficult. The tendency to worship the old, to "make permanint the timporary organizashun of the worruld,"—if we may quote Dooley's immortal phrase,—while distrusting and minimizing the value of the new, finds nowhere so free a scope as in the village, and there it flourishes most vigorously in two vital parts of the village life, the school system and the church system. Old teachers and principals who doubtless were up-to-date and perhaps ahead of their time when the fathers and mothers,—yes, and the grandfathers and grandmothers,—of this generation went to school are kept in their positions and inflicted upon the youth of today regardless of whether or not they have kept up with modern pedagogical methods or have acquired any civic and social ideals. We know of one village which until four years ago had never had a kindergarten because the Superintendent of Schools during his forty years' dominance of the village, had chanced to disapprove of kindergartens; that school system also had never had a commercial course in its curriculum because a long-time member of the school board was the proprietor of a private business college; no training in morals was permitted because it was the theory of the Superintendent that only the parents of a child have any responsibility for his morals. After a strenuous political fight in which more than one *Carol Kennicott* lost her standing with "our best people" and more than one enthusiastic young teacher lost her job, a new superintendent was installed, and the village speedily found that its children did like kindergartens and that one might be fitted for a business career in a public school as well as in a private one.

But even more than a change in its educational system, does the average village need a re-organization of its church system. It has often been pointed out in these columns what that system is. Each little town has its half dozen or dozen tiny denominational churches with their very ordinary denominational ministers, each creating centers of littleness and smugness and narrow orthodox intolerance, each tending to confine the thought life of its members within that one narrow circle. If the six tiny churches could unite in one fine, modern community building and the members come together in one body and one service, undivided by creeds, and inspired and led by some really great minister of souls whom under this system they would be able to secure and maintain, there could not help but come over the village a broader, more wholesome spirit, a sense of the universal brotherhood, a habit of tolerance, a lessening of the smugness and self-conceit, a sympathetic understanding of those "different" ones who are in the village but not of it.

We do not mean to be pessimistic as to these studies of our villages. We recall reading a novel in which it was said of the heroine that she was still young enough to believe that every straight-forward presentation of truth must carry weight, must make an impression on the minds of those who hear it. We hope we also are as young as that. More power to the pens of the Andersons and Lewises and Gales! Perhaps some philanthropist will distribute a few million of their works among the small towns. If government bureaus can control our reading matter negatively, why do they not also control it positively? If our citizens may be forbidden to read certain things, why should they not with equal logic be compelled to read other things? We do not believe in either policy, but of the two we incline toward the latter, within limits at least! At any rate, we should like to see every resident of Main Street viewing Mr. Lewis's portrait of that thoroughfare and every despotic family seeing itself as Miss Gale has made us see Lulu Betts's relatives.

SUSAN QUACKENBUSH.

The most fatal . . . errors of men are frequently the most excusable. . . . They are committed when a strong impetus of right carries them up to a certain point, and a residue of that impetus, drawn from the contact with human passion and infirmity, pushes them beyond it. They vault into the saddle; they fall on the other side. The instance most commonly present to my mind is the error of England in entering the revolutionary war in 1793. Slow sometimes to go in, she is slower yet to come out, and if she had then held her hand, the course of the revolution and the fate of Europe would in all likelihood have been widely different. There might have been no Napoleon. There might have been no Sedan.—*Gladstone.*

THE PULPIT

Faith

By Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Now faith is assurance of things hoped for, a conviction of things not seen.

—*Hebrews* xi:1.

It is faith
The feeling that there's God, he reigns and rules.

—*Browning.*

When we brush away the complexities of philosophy, the subtleness of psychology, the dogmas of the church and the confusion of the texts, faith is a very plain, palpable experience of life. However defined and however arrived at, the ultimate element in faith is a belief in the right, a confidence in justice, which inspires fortitude, courage, action. Faith is a trust in an ordered universe; a confidence that in the long run justice triumphs and right is victor. Faith believes that the revealings of conscience and the yearnings of the human heart are allied to gravitation and evolution. Faith is the assurance that there is a tendency in nature towards excellence; a power not ourselves in the universe that makes for righteousness. Faith insists that human nature is allied to nature, yes, more, that it is a part of it, conditioned by the same order, guided, impelled by the same potency that makes the apple trees to bloom in the spring and loads their limbs with golden fruit in autumn. The man of faith feels he is related to that power that not only declared "Let there be light," in primordial times, but still brings sunshine every morning and holds the moon to its monthly cycles. Faith believes that the power which in the physical world reveals itself as gravitation is ethical; that it is progressive; and that as it rises it grows more and more spiritual. Faith believes in continuity, has no place for miracles, dares believe that death is but transition; that the universe allows no wastage; that life in ever increasing cycles continues.

But faith, as I apprehend it, is not a thing of definition it is a thing of exemplification. Faith is courage; faith is cheerfulness; faith is high adventure. It is a thing of action, still more a thing of being, and never a thing of words or of formulas. This power not ourselves, to rest in which is an act of faith, may be called "God," "Brahm," "Bel," "Jehovah," "Nature." Philosophically we may give it personality or impersonality; theologically we may insist on the divine unity or tri-unity; aye, we may deny its existence altogether and discount or reject the evidence of Bible text or church hierarchy. But if the light of love is in your face, the courage that holds you to unpopular things in your heart, if you love the great out-of-doors and rejoice in the brotherhood of man, if you dare swear to the truth to your own hurt and stand up to be counted with the few; if you can withstand adversity, control your sorrows and smile through your tears, you are a man of faith.

It is faith that causes a man to befriend the friendless, to pay the debt he does not have to pay, to do without the things he likes, to deny himself that far-off interests may be advanced and far-off wrongs be righted. Indeed, faith is that which makes fundamental the demands of right, which enables men and women to believe in the intangible, to look for what the world calls impossible, to invest what they have in the interest of a nobler something which they have not.

If challenged, most devotees will offer as a justification of their faith Bible texts or the testimony of the church. But many who admit the inadequacy of the texts and the fallacy of the dogma have gloriously exemplified faith in its most profound significance.

So I will not take time to discuss the textual or ecclesiastical reinforcements of faith but will ask you to join with me in taking a backward look to see whether history does not justify the cheerful outlook, the heroic service, the adventurous spirit, which ever and always are the true credentials of faith. If we look at the fate of nations there is much that goes to stagger our faith that "right makes might" and that "God reigns and rules." We see the cruel Nineveh over-riding and over-throwing forever the kingdom of Israel with a more spiritual religion, a more ethical confession. A little later we see the kingdom of Judea, the people of Isaiah and Jeremiah, carried off captive by the conquering and imperious Babylon. We see art-crowned Greece insulted and sacked by her coarser neighbors. In later times we see the Celtic world, the land of bards, of lovers of poetry and music, crowded out of political existence by the heavier footed Saxon. We see the Hungarian, the Bohemian, the Pole, the Finn, all of them stripped of their glory, bereft of their homes, disfranchised, by inferior peoples, for unworthy reasons, to ignoble ends. If the history of the troublous centuries means anything it means that prowess is not allied to virtue and that conquest follows only the stronger arms, the heavier battalions, the greater numbers, the more sturdy stomach or the more abundant supplies for that stomach. Many nations as individuals, may well say, "I have tried to follow the ideal and it has led me into the bog. I have sought truth and beauty and found instead poverty, the prison cell and the gibbet."

These are facts that the student of history must recognize. He may explain them but he must not deny their existence. And a still profounder reading of this very same history will bring splendid reinforcement to faith, for when we use a longer measuring string or secure a more telescopic perspective, we find that the short-range pessimism based upon the defeat of the righteous and the over-throw of the noble, is made to justify the long-range optimism. In the long run, the triumphs of greed, the conquests of brawn are over-ruled in the higher courts of the historian and are made to justify the hopeful outlook, the trusting spirit.

Witness: The lost tribes of Israel have been sought for and are still being sought for in every nook and cranny of space and time, and they have been found; and now we begin to realize that it was not the ten tribes that were lost, but the Ninevites, who conquered them. A few decades ago Nineveh was found under the sand dunes in the valley of the Tigris, a buried, dead city, but the ten tribes are alive, heroic, conquering. At the heart of the three great monotheistic faiths of the world, wherever Judaism, Christianity or Mohammedanism is found, there are the ten tribes with their message, and, what is better, with their exemplification of faith. Babylon carried the noble ones of Judea captive and set them down on the banks of Euphrates where, because right was worsted and wrong triumphed, they "hung their harps on the willow trees,"

but while their harps hung listless, Ezekiel and the greater Isaiah, some of the greater Psalms and the whole fabric of Jewish literature took shape. Rome sacked Greece only to translate Greek into Roman gods and to refine Roman speech and art. The Saxon bore down the Briton but the Cambrian bard inscribed on the tomb of their great hero king, "Here lies Arthur, king that was and king that will be," and over and over again the prophecy has been made true. Celtic genius, bardic fire, British ideality, dominates the English parliament today and leads the progressive party of England. And the poor, distracted, evicted Irishman triumphs everywhere except at home. There is a philosophic significance in the pleasantry that says, "The Irish govern everybody but themselves."

And what is true of the fate of nations is true of the fate of individuals. The warriors of Israel are mere names; its dreamers are more alive today than ever. Alexander has long since been outranked by Plato. History has over-ruled the decision of the lower court that sentenced Socrates to death; the convicted has escaped and gone free; those who convicted him have been doomed to everlasting disgrace. Pilate washed his hands hoping, coward-like, to escape responsibility, but from the cross-crowned heights of Gethsemane he is the accused and the criminal, while the Crucified is heralded as Savior by the centuries. The streets of our modern cities are punctured with the statues of the generals, the captains of war, but our school children rejoice in the story of the martyrs of peace, the heroes of science, the singers of brotherhood.

If we look into any section of history, our own, for instance, we will find that the faith which feels that God is, that lays hold of the unseen, that believes in the impossible, that sallies forth in quest of the ideal, is reinforced by the facts. Sidney Lanier, the fluting private, has a more prominent place in the history of the war of secession than has Jefferson Davis, the prime instigator and official head of the gruesome movement. Father Ryan, who sang the requiem of the "Furled Banner" of a lost cause, has redeemed and glorified those who laid down their arms in humiliation and shame; and Robert E. Lee's greatness at Appomattox in the hour of his defeat and his triumph as the president of a broken college, the teacher of youth, outshine his greatest achievement on the battle field.

Or, if we choose to narrow history down to the experience of our own lives, cannot each one of us say that in the short span given us to live, faith is vindicated; that trust in the right, the pre-eminence of the good over the bad, the perennial quality and hopefulness and the contagious power of service are vindicated? The good we did has left its blessing; the harm we tried to do has left its blight and its curse. The sacrifice has been justified; the indulgence has been condemned. The unpopular truths we told, the minority we voted for and with, the money we gave for high causes, the sleepless nights spent for others, have proved investments that bring splendid returns in the way of peace and joy and power, while, on the other hand, the lies we have told and the lies we have lived, the meanness, the cowardice, the expediency and the success based thereon, have embittered our hearts, weakened our lives, dimmed our vision. Whenever we have abandoned the ideal in order to succeed, whenever we have said to ourselves it is possible to go too far in ways of righteousness, to hold up too high a standard in civic, domestic or personal life, we have bargained for disgrace and weakness. Faith is justified, whether it be in the life of the man, the state or the nation. The faith in God, which is the faith in right, is vindicated by the long reaches of time or the short-ranged testimony of the human heart.

For round and round we run,
But ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

CONTRIBUTED

Problems for Pacifists

The contrast between man's national morality and his international immorality is, to put it mildly, disconcerting. The deeds which a comparatively sane man would shrink from committing against his own fellow-citizens, he will joyously perpetrate against a citizen of another country. How account for the wanton contradiction? The psycho-analytic explanation (as it may be termed) is illuminating. There is a good measure of truth in the explanation of certain students of the stresses and strains of conventional morality who say that civilized man, too long confined within the shell of a morality too hard to endure with equanimity, unable to tolerate the artificial restraint, sooner or later seeks the opportunity to break loose from the galling confinement. Occasionally he will content himself with "going on the loose." If vaster opportunity offer for the release and relief of too long stifled impulses, he will be tempted to plunge into an orgy of patriotism, with its attendant violations of the conventional bonds and its passionate promise of utter unhindered animal lawlessness.

Bertrand Russell compares the modern disease of nationalism with the superstitious devotionalism of our equally barbarous ancestors:

> Devotion to the nation is perhaps the deepest and most widespread religion of the present age. Like the ancient religions, it demands its persecutions, its holocausts, its lurid, heroic cruelties; like them, it is noble, primitive, brutal, and mad. Now, as in the past, religion, lagging behind private consciences through the weight of tradition, steels the hearts of men against mercy and their minds against truth. If the world is to be saved, men must learn to be noble without being cruel, to be filled with faith and open to truth, to be inspired by great purposes without hating those who try to thwart them. But before this can happen, men must first face the terrible realization that the gods before whom they have bowed down were false gods, and the sacrifices they have made were vain.

Is mankind in the mood for the terrible realization? Let us ask ourselves why war, like prostitution, eternally abides in the affairs of man? In war the cave man defeats and supplants the civilized man. War is, evilly enough, a great purgative, cleansing of its buried poisons the repressed, conventional, over-refined human nature of pugnacious man. Psycho-analytically regarded, war is the emancipation of the semi-civilized modern man from the cruel restraints and inhibitions of an untoward and uncongenial morality. No one who has keenly observed how human beings chafe and writhe under the fetters of conventionality will be willing to underestimate the importance of this explanation of the war passion.

It may be asked: How is it possible for modern man, bound by a thousand visible and invisible threads of reciprocity and mutual aid to his fellow-man in every part of the habitable globe, to wage war, and

so wantonly? Why should he be willing to wreak vengeance upon him whom modern vehicles of intercommunication (material and spiritual) have brought nearer than two county neighbors used to be a century ago? The answer is complex. There are many specific factors to consider.

To begin with, there is the disheartening fact that antagonism integrates and distinguishes a personality much more effectively than does sympathy. There is no gainsaying the fact that sympathy, by its very nature, requires a submergence of the more vigorous part of one's personality. Perhaps, in the larger view, it is well that it is so. What consolation shall we find in the larger view, knowing bitterly as we do that men, surrounded by narrow patriotisms, restricting allegiances, partisan loyalties, small devotions, do not take readily to any relationship which presupposes a surrender of self-aggrandizement. In a world so miscellaneous, so hodge-podge, so chaotic as this one, antagonism comes to a man's rescue and seduces him into the conviction that self-sufficiency is a firmer and lovelier ideal than self-surrender. Antagonism graphically represents the utter concentration of what is "unique" in personality. Therein lies its compensation and its peril. Simple men clutch at the compensation, willing to play with and risk the attendant peril. Sermons on international good-will, on salvation through brotherhood, will avail not one jot with human beings so constructed mentally that the deepest, most thrilling source of self-satisfaction is an exaggerated sense of difference, of otherliness.

Hate may be—indubitably is—an evil force. But if it be evil, who shall deny that men enjoy the fascinations of evil, its power to differentiate them from the nebulous mass, its popular synonymity with strength, the glamor of enmity, all the malevolent joy of opposition? Men would rather be conspicuously different than be either virtuous or amicable. Once we get it into our heads that only by withdrawing themselves into cliques and castes and secret, special camaraderies, do common men learn to sense the obdurate significance of life, shall we, though disheartened, find it easier to understand why hate and enmity flourish though reason invites to a finer amity.

Within the nation the bloody miracle of patriotism has effectually transformed into a seemingly genuine cohesion man's abundant fellow hatred. "It is at least a safe generalization that the patriotic sentiment never has been known to rise to the consummate pitch of enthusiastic abandon except when bent on some work of concerted malevolence." So writes Veblen in "An Inquiry into the Nature of Peace," a work no anti-militarist should omit. . . . The myth of flag-worship surrounds the worshippers with a pseudo-genuine sense of brotherhood. Deprived of capacious *intra*-national sources of fervid hate, the myth-intoxicated citizen turns loose upon half-known aliens his flood of antagonism, little concerned which particular aliens his hostility may bruise and debauch. As to the moral lawlessness of hate-envenomed creatures, consider this commentary of Norman Angell's: "In other words, national hostilities follow the exigencies of real or imagined political interests. Surely the point need not be labored, seeing that England has boxed the compass of the whole of Europe in her likes and dislikes, and poured her hatred upon the Spaniards, the Dutch, the Americans, the Danes, the Russians, the Germans, the French, and again the Germans, all in turn." . . . Provided there be persons to oppose, to hate, to set off, to differentiate sharply from his own magnetic and magnificent self, man will rejoice and aspire. Co-operation as a *mental fusion* is one of the finest, most fragile and most precious of the civilized attainments.

In sober truth, how many humans are civilized? Have we so soon forgotten the wise words of Dr. George W. Crile, whose unforgettable book, "A Mechanistic View of War and Peace," is replete with the kind of truth we are unconsciously hostile to?

> In emergencies the wounded are packed into cars—freight cars, any kind of cars, on the floors of which there may perchance be straw. Under such stress it may take days for the hospital train to make even fifty miles. The dead from time to time are cast out like dead bees from a hive and the quiet moans of the occupants of these charnels are drowned by the vigorous songs of the fresh young patriots on the next track eager to fling themselves into the hopper of the greedy mill which grinds steadily on while the nations applaud... So it is that now man, whom we consider as civilized, as self-controlled, as evolved to a higher plane than his savage progenitors, is thrilled by the death agony of his fellows. The action patterns of ontogeny seem but shallow tracings upon the deep grooves of phylogeny; in the cultivated man of today is the beast of the phylogenetic yesterday.

At first blush the whole bloody business seems incredible. That a fairly peaceful and apparently self-controlled citizen shall swiftly consent to the annihilation of his fellowmen, to the unutterable outrage of more or less innocent women and children, to the fierce, relentless destruction of non-combatant towns, to naked wrong-doing, is one of those disturbing psychologic revelations of the nature of man which put to shame all our pacific faith in rationality. Professor Bushnell Hart (who cannot be accused of a lack of proper patriotic sentiment) frankly acknowledged that:

> The better organized the army, the more thoroughly does the once free man become a machine, or rather a cog in a machine. If his orders are to fire at the enemy, he sends his bullet in the air and it descends to kill a man whom he has never seen and who, if he could have known it, might have been a heart friend. He must obey orders if they bid him throw his living body into the cracking, hissing zone of death. He must obey orders if he is directed to fire on non-combatants, or to drop bombs on nursemaids and babies in perambulators, or to sink a shipful of helpless women and children. Disobedience, even under such circumstances, is the heaviest of sins, to be atoned for by a disgraceful court-martial and a shameful traitor's death.

So long as patriotism remains the prevailing ethic of state-controlled men, can we hope to build that kind of civilization of which the pacifist and the rationalist dream? Unless we adopt the hypothesis that civilization (as we know it), by its failure to subdue and to sublimate man's inexhaustible patriotic capacity for hostility, has actually helped to foster the growth and success of antagonism, we shall be at an utter loss to understand the violent, wanton contradiction between the vogue of inter-national immorality and intra-national morality (such as it is). Within a state man does not think of taking the law into his own hands when his honor (so-called) is outraged. Why is he permitted, aye encouraged, to be lawless extra-nationally? Within his own nation man is not permitted to murder his fellowman on the plea of violated patriotism. Why do we bluster about the sacredness of patriotism, of man's duty to murder in its behalf, when the so-called insult is offered by a (negligible) denizen of a "foreign" country? Within a nation a man is not

publicly praised and elevated because of his murderous instincts. The state makes short shrift of his type "via" the electric chair or the unwholesome prison. Why, in the name of common decency, do we honor the murderer who commits vile crimes beyond the nation's borders?

> We were marching to hell. If you judged them by their conversation, these must have been brutes at heart, worse than any Apache; and yet of those around me several were university graduates; one was a lawyer; two were clerks; one a poet of standing; one an actor, and there were several men of leisure. Americans almost all of them. . . . The talk finally settled upon the Germans. Many and ingenious were the forms of torture invented upon the spur of the moment for the benefit of the "Boches." "Hanging is too good for them," said Scanlon. After a long discussion, scalping alive seemed the most satisfactory to the crowd.

Thus the talented author of "A Soldier of the Legion."

Well, in all these cases, brother rationalists, we shall be at our wits' end unless we make the bold analytic surmise that the very strength of the organized State, its prestige, its coercive power (sometimes misnamed co-operative power), all intimately and ultimately depend upon a unique unwritten conspirator's agreement. The agreement reads as follows: The State will connive at every form of enmity, discourtesy, competitive rascality, race hatred, religious opposition, every available and conceivable outlet for the antagonistic anti-social nature of Mr. Average Man, *provided* he in turn, will blindly yield to the purposes and policies of the State his undeviating allegiance. Of course, within its own borders, the State, for its own protection and prestige must insist upon the ideal of law and order, the upkeep of the social courtesies, the fiction of reciprocity, the illusion of unity; as reward and compensation for these dear self-sacrifices and self-repressions, the beloved State will close its Argus eyes and secretly connive at the wickedness of its citizens in their relation to the States lying beyond the pale. So it comes about that we are horrified (or pretend to be) at the wanton murder of a citizen within the State; but who is seriously discomforted or distressed by the murder of the subjects of any other State? Who sincerely cares? In wartime, the State improves its bargain by sanctioning, and worse, actually provoking, its citizen soldiery's base surrender to murderous repressed passions and blood-lusts, the soldiery being permitted to give undiminished vent to pent-up hostilities forbidden within the borders. The moral responsibility for these sanctioned outrages, the State, in its capacity of impersonal, feelingless dictator, will gladly assume. The State is without conscience. For the welfare of the coercive State, the individual is permitted to indulge his most primitive passions, too long submerged and repressed, in order that said State may assure itself of his renewed attachment as a "quid pro quo." In fact, it is very doubtful if the modern State, constructed as it is for the interlocking purposes of profit and prestige, could pursue its questionable policies unless it had contracted for its citizens' unquestioning loyalty by allowing free play to the passion of enemy-hatred, a hatred crystallized, hardened and collectively directed against other States. Antagonism is a frightful source of well-being. This is the key to what we may term the psycho-analytic explanation of the impulse-to-war in the modern civilized State. Modern war is the drastic protest against the intolerable pretences and restraints of modern civilization!

Under the influence of intoxicated passion, men behave bestially. War is a glorious debauch of the emotions. Why scruple to accept the pathologic truth because, forsooth, it humiliates the finer nature?

> Whatever the future may bring, however, man today betrays at every turn that he is in reality a redhanded glutton whose phylogenetic action patterns are facilitated for the killing of his own and of other species; that with all of his beneficent control of the forces of nature, he has created also vast forces for his own destruction, so vast that civilized man is today in a death struggle with the Frankenstein of his own creation; that although he controls a world of limitless force and endless machinery, *he yet fails to control that all-important mechanism—himself.* Can this animal, bloodthirsty by nature and training, who produces and kills millions of animals yearly and who kills at intervals hundreds of thousands of his fellowmen—can he be so modified as to live in relative peace? Can man in the possession of the power to create, minimize his tendency towards self-destruction? (my italics). . . .

With Dr. Crile's wisdom as a starting-point, pacifists and rationalists can perhaps march, albeit slowly, toward the realization of their dream of international amity if in the presence of the brute facts they confess their humility and inadequacy and loyally seek for light where light is. The psycho-analysts of our human nature (so heart-breakingly inhuman) are our most illuminating guides.

Men who exult in blood-lust and wallow in indiscriminate carnage will not be persuaded to think ill of their self-indulgences unless the code of glorifying approvals, so dear to soldier-vanity, is brought into disrepute. The rationalist must take up arms, so to speak, against the current conception and practice of Patriotism. From the psychologic angle, the prospect of the perfect sublimation of the pugnacious instinct must depend in good measure upon the development of a sensitive individual conscience. If ordinary men would be taught to view inter-national immorality with that fine and fearsome awe which surrounds their attitude (often hypocritical, admit it!) toward violent breaches of morality nearer home, war might be well-nigh unthinkable. Certainly the provocative causes would have to be infinitely more worth while and profoundly inspiring in a new sense to persuade men to sacrifice their lives and their precious values as reflected in the moralist code developed with pain and difficulty in peace time, for the indulgence of the cheap brute immoralities bound up inexorably with belligerency.

Man must develop an international conscience. So much is perfectly plain. It is hard to see what incentives there will be to that achievement, greatly desired, unless either the coercive State repudiates its historic attitude of insensate hostility to other States, or (this is the more hopeful alternative) the newly-instructed citizenry awakes to the desperate truth of the matter and point-blank refuses to yield its unquestioned loyalty to the State's ulterior purposes. In fine, we must revise all our clap-trap ideas about patriotism, nationalism, independent sovereignty, the State's transcendent rights. The sacred mythology that has through the centuries begotten the malformation of sheepish loyalty must be corrected to suit the honester purposes of a humane internationalism. . . .

Our whole system of education cries out for radical revision of its too long established creed of: My country, right or wrong!

If a better and saner world is to grow out of the horror of futile carnage, men must learn to find their nation's glory in the victory of reason over brute instincts, and to feel the true patriotism which demands that our country should deserve admiration rather than extort fear. If this lesson can be taught to all, beginning with the children in the schools, we may hope for a lasting peace, and the machinery for securing it will grow out of the universal desire. So long as hate and fear and pride are praised and encouraged, war can never become an impossibility. (Bertrand Russell.)

Here in America, because of the more or less free intermingling in our public schools of all types, races, nationalities and creeds, the conditions pre-requisite for the development of a sensitive international conscience are abundantly present. The question is: Are there enough emancipated teachers who enjoy teaching the truth?

S. Daniel House.

SELECTED

An Experiment in Applied Christianity

[Note: The following letter, not written for publication, should be of profound interest to all who are seeking to practice the ideals of Jesus in present-day life. It is the statement of a young man, known to us, who was formerly a Protestant minister, and who decided, as the result of years of seeking, that he must devote himself exclusively to the voluntary service of love. The plans stated, as contemplated in the future, have been put into effect since the letter was written. We are indebted to the *Friends' Intelligencer* for the letter, which first appeared in its columns.

As a fitting introduction, we print a postscript, which was written some time after the letter itself.—J. H. H.]

"It is possible that I have spent too much time in trying to explain, and that the attempt to satisfy your minds will lead you to the notion that my ideal must have been worked out with my head. But such, I believe, is not the fact. The main thing, the original impulse, out of which all the rest grew, came out of my heart. It came out of my love for God and my caring for people, out of my inability to find peace or happiness until I yielded up my whole self to do the will of God, that through me, as far as he would and could, he might bring his love to the people. When I came to decide concretely what I would do, I did try to make use of my head. It is quite likely that I made too much use of my head. But I know that I am about to begin this way of living because I *have* to. I can do nothing else.

"I am quite aware that I am staking my Inner Light—as a Quaker would say—against my reason, the evidence of my senses, the sober judgment of most of my friends, the practical sense of mankind. But in the face of this mass weight against me, that Light is sure and clear, and I trust it as I trust nothing else in the world. I am not without faith and hope that I shall yet *see* of the travail of my soul, but even though to my dying day no other soul should come to act with me and I be denied the reassurance of any results I can measure, God helping me, so long as that Voice remains clear and sure, I will follow on."

The remaining portion of this article constitutes the original letter:

"Dear Friends:

"I feel that I must tell you something of my plans for the future. I wish I could talk it all over with you in person, for it is more than I can possibly put into a letter. But at least a bare outline I must try to give you.

"Since last Spring almost every week has brought me new light on what I must do. The way before me seems to have become clear and very sure. And now I have the glad conviction that what I am about to do is *my work* in a sense which has never been true of anything I have undertaken before.

"I believe that the greatest power for good which I can release is to be found simply in taking my highest ideal and living it now—and paying the price of living it amidst an alien and hostile environment. I believe, moreover, that until all that I say is reinforced by what I do or by what I am risking everything in an effort to do, it does not much matter what I say.

"In general, my plans may be outlined under five heads: (1) The capitalist system has become for me a thing of utter enormity. It is a system of slavery. Under it those who are strong are driving little children to their ruin in fields and mills, they are compelling girls to sell themselves into lives of shame in order to live, they are breaking the bodies and souls of brave men and women with work that is too hard for human endurance, they are dividing society into two inevitably hostile classes, each of which is organizing for a supreme test of power, they are desolating the earth with wars. I cannot acquiesce in such a thing without thereby becoming myself a slave-driver, a thief, an adulterer, a murderer. At least I must not be a parasite on this system. At least, I must see to it that I do not voluntarily depend upon the oppression of others for any kind of advantage for myself. I realize full well that I cannot extricate myself from the wrong altogether. But I will not accept a compromise which identifies me with the exploiters rather than the exploited. I have come to the place where I feel that rent, interest and dividends are moneys extorted from the workers who earned it by all the organized force of society. Accordingly, I cannot accept rent, interest or dividends, and so keep myself in security if not in comfort, merely because I think that out of such security and comfort I can the more effectively turn my life to the service of my fellowmen. There is in me an inexorable demand for a literal correspondence between what I believe and what I do, or—perhaps more to the point—a demand for that which seems to be simple, open and very direct. If a thing is wrong, I must cleave through to the marrow of it and lay it open, and cut it from me. Heretofore, I have been allowing myself to be carried on the backs of others, justifying my position on the ground (which was asserted only by me and others like me, mind you) that it was more important for these very toilers that I should teach them, and preach to them, and salve their sores, than it was that I take the load off their backs and get down on my own legs. But I can do it no longer. The only course that will satisfy my moral sense of what is right, of what is my best service, is that, to begin with, I should at least get off and walk.

"My first thought was that I would earn my living as a carpenter. But I did not like the idea of supporting the capitalist system by earning profits for my employer. Nor did it seem at all in keeping with my purpose that I should be receiving wages of $8.00 or $10.00 a day. And moreover, I came to the conclusion that doing any kind of work in order to *get* something, to get money, for instance—was wrong. I believe that some day the doing even of manual work for money's sake will be regarded as a kind of prosti-

tution. And so it is my purpose virtually to throw myself upon a community. I will go in and do any kind of work they need to have done—and that I *can* do—and do it free—just as an expression of my love for them and of my desire to help. I simply won't worry about what I shall eat or where I shall sleep. I just will have faith in the people. I believe my love cannot help but call forth theirs. There may be some days when I shall have to walk the streets to keep warm. But I don't believe they will be very many.

"I hope to be able to show my love for people of all kinds and all classes. But probably it is to be expected that most of my life will be spent with those who are wage earners.

"(2) Private property today is very largely the root of all evil. The world is filled with a mad struggle for 'things,' obsessed with a faith in the security and the power to be gained by the mere acquisition of possessions. It has blinded people to the supremacy of the spirit, it has put people at one another's throats. And I utterly *scorn* the whole thing and pity people for their delusion. I don't need money to make me secure. Nothing men can do can touch the real *me*. If I start out to follow my ideal and to love my fellowmen, and in the face of the worst they can do to me, I love them still and still stagger on after the Right, I have won! and the real *me* is untouched! Or power? No one needs money to reform the world, or to bring it to its knees in repentance—which is the thing to which all of us must come today or the world will perish. Jesus didn't have money, or advertising, or tons of printing, or buildings. But he had truth, and he loved others until he no longer cared about himself, and he was not afraid, for all fear was swallowed up in his utter faith in God. It was just naked spirit that started Christianity, and it can be nothing less, nor need it be anything more, to start the renaissance of religion that is trembling in the hearts of people now. Power is of *God*—and with men who will lay themselves utterly limp in his hands, God can move mountains, he can do anything.

"So possessions, 'things,' mean very little to me. And for the reasons given above, and because I believe that loving one's neighbor more than one's self is a fundamental social principle and that we have got to come to just such a social concern for one another before ever we get a much better world than we have now, I am no longer going to own anything. For, in this business of loving one's neighbor as one's self, I have been cornered by this line of thought. There is terrible need in the world and I give something to help meet it. Now why do I give? I give because I care *somewhat* that others are in need, and then it makes me feel virtuous to give, and I like to be known as generous. But if I stop giving while the need in the world still exists, need for the very things I have or could get, the only reason I can find for my stopping thus, is that I care more about *my* need than I do about the need of the other fellow. And this is wrong. Probably all this line of reasoning is only the effort of my mind to rationalize the impulse of my heart which has been making it impossible for me to find peace or contentment so long as I was living in comfort and security, while the mass of those whom I called my brothers and sisters were living in misery and in perpetual fear. At any rate I have got rid of all my property—books, furniture, all but a minimum of clothing. And that minimum does not include an extra suit or pair of shoes.

"And I have been amazed to find how easy it was to part with all these things.

"(3) I want to identify myself with earth's common folk. First, I want to be a friend to those who have no friends, to the very poor, to those whom society call 'bad,' to all those who are weak and outcasts. And then I shall be doing much the same kind of work that these people do, working with my hands. And sometimes, when some of the common people have been wronged just because they are weak and defenceless—when, for instance, workers are jailed for exercising their constitutional right of free speech in behalf of human justice—then, whenever there is a real issue, I should like to go to that place and say the same things and so in effect declare to the authorities, 'If you are going to treat even the weakest of my brothers this way, so also must you treat me.'

"(4) I want to preface this point by expressing my absolute conviction that every man for guidance as to what is right and wrong must turn not to the clergy, or a book, or the press, or to public opinion, nor to *any outside* authority whatever but to the leadings of his own love-inspired conscience within. And I would make it unmistakably clear that loyalty to that sense of Right which speaks, or will speak, in every man, must come ahead of loyalty to anything else on earth —father, mother, husband, wife, child, the church, the will of the majority, the government, or one's own life. Until that is once again as clear as it was in the early days of Christianity, and accepted and acted upon, religion can never have any life, or message, or power of its own whatever.

"And because I believe the State to be the right arm of the capitalist system, because it is keeping men in slavery, and because it is asserting its right to take the lives of so-called criminals or, in general, to treat them with social vengeance instead of with love, because it is asserting its right over conscience in conscripting youth and is driving them to kill and be killed and is this moment brutally subjugating and secretly annexing places like Haiti, therefore I wish to cut myself off from the State. I will give nothing to it and I desire nothing from it. I will not recognize the State by voting, by paying taxes, by accepting employment at its hands, by serving on a jury or by serving in an army.

"(5) Finally, I want to get out a message which has been growing within me increasingly clear and compelling. I would tell it to individuals, and to churches, schools, colleges, labor unions, and people on the streets—wherever I can get a hearing. In general, it is largely expressed in the life I shall be trying to live. But I would make it very explicit that the supreme power of the universe is Love, that therefore violence will never work and is always wrong, that all (and not least the rich) must give and give up—for Right's sake and one another's sake—and that until we do come together in repentance, rich and poor, black and white and yellow, wage earner and capitalist, until then our God of Love must hang on Calvary—and that unless we come to care for one another, every one for every other more than for himself, the world must go on to doom, to another Dark Ages, or a dissolution of society.

"But—but—the way is simple and clear, even though it be not easy. It is simply—Repent! Love! Love

the Right utterly and our neighbor more than ourselves—and lo! the new world will be at hand, and will already have come in the souls of those who have begun thus to live!

"I have had to write this in haste. I am sorry. However, despite its manifest defects, it will at least serve to give you some idea of what I am about to do.

"I intend to begin early next week in Chrome where years ago I had my church. It is a town of about twelve thousand people, all wage earners. I expect to remain there several months before I move on. In the meantime, however, I hope to get out into the surrounding towns, largely residence suburbs of New York City, in order to talk.

"I make no claim to infallibility. I am quite sure that in time I may be led to modify or altogether to change some of my conclusions. However, I am absolutely sure that the course which I have outlined is *right for me at this moment*. And I am happy that I am ready to begin."

A Book a Week

Mary Badollett Powell Memorial

A Lithuanian Village. By Leon Kobrin. Translated from the Yiddish by Isaac Goldberg. New York: Brentano's.

Leon Kobrin's name is almost unknown as yet to the present generation of Anglo-American readers; but our children, I suppose, will know him as we know Chekov and Gorki.

Born about fifty years ago in Vitebsk, White Russia, Kobrin began to write short stories and fables in the Russian tongue when he was but fifteen years of age. In 1892 he emigrated to the United States, or rather to the East Side of the city of New York. For the first half dozen years of his life in America he worked in garment factories, stores and bakeries and sold newspapers—always struggling to devote himself solely to letters. Finally, in 1898, he succeeded in finding a publisher for his first book, "Yankel Boila and Other Tales," written in Yiddish. The success of this work was phenomenal—at least in the personal sense for the author. He was a bona fide literary craftsman at last; competent critics on both sides of the Atlantic admitted his claims. Ever since 1898 Kobrin has been a dominating figure in Yiddish letters. And he has earned his position. He has written stories—including one book of nine hundred pages! He has written novels—about a score of them! He has written plays—the first produced in 1899. He has written critical articles, reviews and editorials. He has translated four volumes of short stories by Chekov, four volumes by Turgeniev, eighteen volumes by de Maupassant, five by Hugo, three by Gorki, as well as "Faust" and "Hamlet," making all these available for the first time in Yiddish. He has labored like the proverbial Trojan, his good wife helping him as a tireless collaborator. In addition to his literary efforts, he has tried to organize the playwrights of the Jewish theater in a dramatists' union, to make possible an organized campaign for a free and independent stage. A busy and useful life is that of Leon Kobrin. . . .

"A Lithuanian Village" is the first of the author's works to appear in English. It is a recognized classic of Yiddish literature; every East Side lover of books knows it. It is one of those works that one reads and never forgets. Something intangible but powerfully sincere about it grasps one's imagination, lodges in one's memory and will not let go.

The story is highly unconventional. In a sense, it is not a story at all, but a description merely, a thing without plot, a simple, often unrelated chain of incidents, mostly petty in nature. But in a larger sense it has a theme, a course of action, that is as strong and fine as the motif of a symphony, the same beautiful notes rising and falling again and again, the same shadows crossing and recrossing the tone screen, a pageant, a drama marching.

It all begins with profound simplicity and moves with easy grace straight toward a dignified conclusion. "Somewhere in Lithuania there once nestled the little village of B.," is the opening phrase, and the same words close the book. Between the two printings, the little village has completed all its brief life and gone from ruddy vigor to senile decay. The several hundred Jews who called it "home" have lived and died, or lived and emigrated to America.

The picture is irresistible. The people are fascinating. I read these pages and understood for the first time the soul of the primitive merchants and artisans who have come to us from far Russia and added such color (and commercial acumen) to our western land. I know now why certain men hate and fear the Jews. It is because of their vitality. The vigor of their lives is the characteristic that distinguishes them and makes them difficult for Anglo-Saxons to understand. In a word it is the nervous energy of the abundant East. In Kobrin's little village there is a drum beating (or, perhaps, a heart); it is the drum, the pulse, of the Orient, it is what Mr. Kipling says the West will never meet; it is a brother, this drum, to the drum of the Congo and the drum of the Navajo; it is the rhythm, the beauty, the mystery of the East.

The Lithuanian village was the grandfather of the East Side. The people of the village were born again in Manhattan, and in the veins of the American nation, the Cosmopolis, their blood is running rich and red.

For its story, which is not a story and at the same time more than a story, for its simplicity of style, its honesty, its color, its romance, I unhesitatingly recommend this book. It is a valuable contribution to the work of Continentalizing and universalizing the western world.

In closing, let me say that Dr. Goldberg is to be thanked for his respectful and sympathetic translation, and the publisher is to be commended for putting the work in a beautiful dress.

James Waldo Fawcett.

YOUTH PASSING.

My age comes on me all too soon,
My twilight crowds upon my noon;
The dreams my boyhood knew are tossed
Like straws by the wild wind and lost.

I hasten to the darkling wood
To join the quiet brotherhood,
And learn if it be false or fair,
That God is good, as priests declare.

And if the tale is rightly told
I who before my time grew old
Shall kneel before the living Truth
And beg again my vanished Youth!

—James Waldo Fawcett.

THE STUDY TABLE

Three Pacifist Plays

A CRY OUT OF THE DARK: Three One-Act Plays, by Henry Bailey Stevens. Published by the Four Seas Company, Boston, 1919.

These three little plays, written during the period of the Great War and under the influence of its horror and futility, constitute effective propaganda literature. The author is thoroughgoing in his rejection of war as a method of settling international disputes, and presents his viewpoint in the form of dramatic symbols or parables which teach his lesson more impressively than reams of argument.

The first play, "The Meddler," or "The Voice of Love," uses the analogy of the duel. A "Gentleman," whose honor has been outraged, is preparing to fight a duel with the man who has injured him. All the stock arguments in favor of war are here martialed in favor of dueling, the scholar, the physician and the clergyman serving as the mouthpieces through which they are spoken. Only the "Meddler" points to a better way, and declares that dueling is as unnecessary as it is criminal. The dialogue is well written, with the exception of what should be the strongest part in the play, namely the "Meddler" himself, who lacks something of poise, dignity and spiritual power.

The second play, "Bolo and Babette," or "The Voice of Beauty," is by all odds the best of the three. Its theme is "Above the Battle"—the appeal of the heights where dwell the things of peace, as contrasted with the lowlands where men struggle in contention and bitter hate. The author here achieves real poetry—he sees his picture clearly and paints it in lovely colors.

The least satisfactory play is the third, "The Madhouse," which is described as "The Voice of Reason." The idea is that used by Zangwill in his poem, "The Place of Peace," namely, that the real insanity of our world is outside rather than inside our lunatic asylums; that a world possessed by war is a madhouse! Effective use is also made of the concept of the mob or crowd-mind. But in this play talk takes the place of action, and too large a theme seems to be handled in small compass.

Mr. Stevens has produced a book of value and beauty. It should have a wide reading among all friends of peace.

J. H. H.

Do we turn for satisfaction to our human relationships? They are among our most precious and holy helps. But our fitness to live with others, or to get the good of living with others, depends chiefly on our fitness to live alone. We must *be*, in order to do; we must have wisdom and love, in order to give them; we must be just before we can put rectitude into conduct. We cannot even speak the truth, as it deserves to be spoken, unless we are true. A wise pagan says, "How much sincere life the gods exact before we can speak a sincere word!"

Universalist Leader. —*C. G. Ames.*

CORRESPONDENCE

A Letter from Tokyo

Mr. Hiram Sibley, a well-known consulting engineer, now manager for Japan of the Rabbitt Engineering Corporation, writes to David Starr Jordan as follows from Tokyo:

"Our home was formerly in Detroit, seventy per cent of whose population at that time was of foreign (European) descent or foreign born. During the height of its industrial activity Detroit became so expensive, so insolent, so perilous to life and limb and so utterly devoid of any ideals that my wife and I concluded to leave at the sacrifice of a promising career, for existence there was entirely without compensation. We located in Pasadena, where we found conditions a most agreeable contrast. Our contact with the Japanese there was always pleasant.

"But the real test has been in Japan. We have lived here a year. In spite of horrific rumors as to what the Japanese would do to American residents—particularly when the California land law bills came to vote—we cannot recall a single instance of discourtesy from the Japanese. I have been obliged to travel in all parts of the country, as an engineer, and encounter all classes and conditions of Japanese, and must say that they have been universally cordial and willing to go more than half way as soon as they were convinced I meant to be fair and square with them.

"There seems to be a great deal of anti-Japanese propaganda emanating from Chinese ports, where commercial competition between Japanese and Westerners is unusually keen. One can guess the source.

"Although a sincere admirer of the English people as a nation, I was subjected to humiliating insults in London in 1915, at a time when the British had far less cause to dislike Americans than the Japanese have today."

The 1871 Levy

[See note on page 339 of issue, February 17.—Ed.]

February 23, 1921.

To the Editor:

I do not know whether you personally are responsible or not for the item I have marked on the enclosed, but this contains, I believe, so serious an error of fact, that I am calling it to your attention.

The 1871 levy of One Billion was, unless I am mistaken, a cash levy.

The proposed levy has a present cash value I have seen variously stated as from Twenty Billion to Twenty-six Billion—in other words, less than one-half the figure stated here.

Personally I am inclined to believe that the 1871 levy, under all the circumstances, was fully as severe as the present proposed levy, though here of course there is a chance for a difference of opinion, but the very serious misstatement of *fact* I hope you will correct in your next issue.

Yours truly,

DELCEVARE KING.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.

—*Ruskin.*

THE FIELD.

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

FINDINGS OF CHICAGO CHURCH FEDERATION AND FEDERAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES.

Statement of the Findings of the Conference on Church and Industry held in Chicago January 23 and 24, 1921, under the joint auspices of the Commission on the Church and Industry of the Chicago Church Federation and the Commission on the Church and Social Service of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America.

I. We believe that the well being of society as a whole is of greater importance than that of any of its parts, and that the Christian Church must therefore identify itself with the interests of the whole rather than with the special interests of any fractional element.

II. We believe that religious reality and economic peace, alike, depend upon the ability of Religion and Economics to work out a basis of sympathetic and intelligent understanding.

III. We believe that the church is morally bound to stand for the principle that righteousness should prevail in all human relations, including those of industry.

IV. We believe that this moral obligation is one which cannot be fulfilled by mere abstract generalizations. It involves not only a clear statement of the principles themselves, but also a declaration of their concrete applications. This may necessitate standing for one side or the other in certain specific issues if Christian principles are involved.

V. We believe that the statement of "The Social Ideals of the Churches," adopted by the First Quadrennial of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America at Chicago in 1912, ratified by the Second Quadrennial at St. Louis in 1916, and expanded at Cleveland in 1919, represents a more general consensus of agreement as to the application of Christian principles to industry than any official statement which has yet appeared. Because it seems to this Conference to be the most adequate representative statement of those principles which is now available, we commend it to the churches for study and discussion.

VI. We believe that a righteous industrial system will seek (1) to develop in society a sense of practical Christian brotherhood, and (2) to develop in the individual the highest possible personality, with full opportunity for its self-expression. In so far as the present industrial system fails at either of these points it falls short of the Christian ideal.

VII. We believe that the principles of constitutional political government as vindicated in the light of history should be codified and applied to industrial government, and that they should be further defined and developed in the light of increasing experience.

VIII. We believe that when pulpit and press speak on industrial questions they should do so only upon a basis of accurate and impartial information.

IX. We believe that the pulpit, while it must exercise especial care to avoid the controversial spirit, has an especial responsibility for the courageous declaration of Christian convictions; and that the church must fearlessly speak its convictions, even at the risk of being misunderstood or opposed.

X. We desire to emphasize our conviction that there is an essential relation between the social and industrial mission of the church and its evangelistic mission, and that it is impossible to separate them without being recreant to our Christian faith.

XI. Finally, we believe that there rests upon the church a peculiar responsibility for promulgating the convictions herein expressed, and for teaching and advancing whatever principles and measures it believes will make for industrial righteousness and human solidarity.

In accordance with the foregoing, the Conference recommends:

1. That the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America proceed with plans for the establishment of a bureau of inquiry and publicity, which shall relate itself to matters pertaining to industry. Especially do we urge that such a bureau shall make known the instances of constructive practical experiments which are being made toward improving industrial relations.

2. That the Chicago Church Federation work out an adequate program for intelligently educating its constituency concerning conditions and relations in industry, and of the bearing of Christian ideals upon them. Such a program should, among other things, include:

(a) Securing and disseminating industrial information from reliable sources.

(b) Utilizing existing church organizations for educational purposes.

(c) Originating special educational measures where the existing facilities will not serve the purpose.

(d) Suggesting suitable materials and methods for educational purposes.

3. That the Chicago Church Federation record its judgment that the present conference has been of great value stimulating interest in regard to industrial questions, and in clarifying ideas concerning them; and that it arrange for further conferences to conserve the values derived from this one.

4. That the Chicago Federation, at the earliest feasible moment, secure a full time man of outstanding qualifications to act as full time secretary to the Commission on Church and Industry, to organize and carry on a full time program.

Conference Committee On Findings:
JAMES MULLENBACH,
JAMES H. TUFTS,
GRAHAM TAYLOR,
CHARLES W. GILKEY,
PERRY J. RICE,
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WALTER R. MEE,
Executive Secretary, Chicago Church Federation.
HOWARD AGNEW JOHNSTON,
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Chairman, Committee on Conference Findings.

THE PEOPLE'S LEGISLATIVE SERVICE.

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W. G. Lee, W. S. Stone, George P. Hampton.
Basil M. Manly, Director.

The People's Legislative Service was established by a conference held in Washington on December 17, 1920, to meet a definite need which has been acutely felt by all familiar with national legislation.

This need arises out of the fact that while special interests of all kinds are represented in Washington and bring their influence to bear upon legislation, the interest of the general public is not represented. Thus great measures affecting the whole people go by default or become the football of contending groups.

The conference agreed unanimously that this situation could best be met by creating the People's Legislative Service as a clearing house of information and placing it under the control of an executive committee representative of the liberal opinion of the country.

The Executive Committee will have the co-operation of a National Council composed of a number of the best informed men and women of liberal sympathies throughout the country.

Under the control of the Executive Committee and constituting the working force of the People's Legislative Service is a Bureau of Research and Information with three divisions: (1) Legislative Division, (2) Statistical Division, (3) Publicity Division.

This work has been placed under the direction of Basil M. Manly, former Director of Research and Investigation of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations and Joint Chairman of the National War Labor Board.

The People's Legislative Service is not a Lobby. It is a Fact Service.

It will furnish facts to all members of the House and Senate who will use them in the public interest. It will furnish facts to the representatives of affiliated organizations so that they may present their cases more effectively. It will furnish facts to the public regarding pending legislation.

The People's Legislative Service will not speak in the name of any affiliated individual or organization but will direct its efforts to increasing the effectiveness of those Senators and Representatives who are battling for the public interest.

It is the purpose of the People's Legislative Service to provide members of Congress and others concerned with full information as to pending measures, by pointing out faulty provisions, obvious and secret, and by presenting the facts in support of measures designed for the public welfare. This work we undertake to perform without regard to partisan considerations or special interests.

The People's Legislative Service has been substantially underwritten for a period of two years by the pledges of a number of progressive organizations and individual contributions, but in order that the work may be enlarged it is expected that its financial support will be increased.

"Banish the Gods from the Skies and the Capitalists from the Earth, and make the world safe for Industrial Communism."

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